

Colonel Lisenby's Romance

By ANGUS BLANTYRE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"An old man, Miss Edith, who begins to feel his age," said the colonel. "But you are not old, Colonel Lisenby. I am sure that few of the young men of today hold themselves as erect as you do, and I am quite sure that I have met few of them who have that graceful, deferential manner of yours in the presence of women. I think you are wrong to say that old romance must be dead for you," said the girl laughingly.

They were sitting on the piazza of a country house on the Hudson. From open windows streamed lights and the buzz of conversation, which showed that the guests were enjoying themselves after the fashion of guests in country houses. Before them and beneath them lay the moonlit expanse of the Hudson, and on the other side they could make out the bold line of the precipitous shore.

Tall, slender and graceful, the youth of the girl's twenty years showed in sharp contrast to the fifty odd years of the handsome, soldierly looking man who stood at her side.

"When you were younger, Miss Edith," said the colonel, "you used to be very fond of having me tell you stories, and I think I will tell you one now if you are sure it will not bore you."

"Please do, colonel. I used to think that there was no one who could tell such delightful stories beginning, 'Once upon a time.'"

"This story begins in the same way, Miss Edith. 'Once upon a time' nearly forty years ago a young man was very much in love with a very beautiful woman. The two lived in a little southern village on the Mississippi river and had been playmates through childhood. It was an understood thing between the families of the two that the boy and girl should be married when they were grown.

"One day a foolish little quarrel came up between the two young people, and it was not made up as soon as it should have been. Perhaps the



"YOU DO ME AN INJUSTICE," SAID THE COLONEL.

man was wrong; at any rate, he was heartily sorry afterward that he did not say he was wrong and make peace in that way.

"Before the quarrel was made up, the civil war broke out, and the young man considered it his duty to go to the front in the ranks of the southern army. It was his luck to see a great deal of fighting and to win promotion more than once. At Gettysburg he was badly wounded and captured. For months he lay in a hospital and on his recovery was confined in a northern prison until the end of the war.

"When the war was over, he was released and hurried back to the little village he had lived in. There he found that the woman he loved was dead. Her mother told him that it had been said in the village that he had been killed at Gettysburg and that when nothing was heard of him afterward the girl had died of a broken heart.

"If the man could have had his wish, he would have died also, but he was not cowardly enough to resort to suicide, and he lived. He came to New York and sought forgetfulness in the hardest of hard work. Success came to him in ample measure, and what he valued more, he found in his work something of the forgetfulness he sought.

"Memory of the woman he had loved did not leave him. The man himself in his bitterest moments never wished for that.

"The man, as the old memories became dimmed after many years, began to wonder if it was best for him to always live a solitary life. Then he began to wonder if he was not in love with a beautiful young girl whom he knew and then resolved to ask her to marry him. Do you think he did right?"

The girl did not answer for a moment, and then she said in a voice so low and sympathetic that he could almost detect the ring of tears in it:

"I am thinking of the woman who died. I do not believe the man will ever forget her if he loved her as much as you say. I know that if I were to die I would want Jack to love me always, as the man you have told me of loved the woman, and not to think of another woman.

The girl was looking with tear dim-

lights of West Point could be seen on top of the Palisades.

The man's glance followed hers. Neither spoke for a moment, and then, with an effort which he hoped was not visible to the girl, the man said:

"So you are engaged to Jack Carter? I thought I was too old a friend not to have been told of this before."

"I meant to have told you this evening," said the girl. "Jack says you were so good about getting him appointed to the academy that we have both felt grateful to you. But we neither of us thought that you would be at all interested in a romance."

"You do me an injustice," said the colonel, with a little dry laugh. "I am always interested in romance—for instance, the one which I have been just telling you. I know the man and have taken a great deal of interest in the case. I shall advise him not to propose to the girl. But you must permit me to tell you that I wish you all happiness and that I consider Jack a very lucky fellow."

"They are beginning to dance, colonel. Won't you come in with me?"

"Thanks. I fancy my dancing days are over. I think I will stay here and smoke a cigar."

The girl stepped in through one of the open windows, and the man lit a cigar.

Perhaps it was the moonlight on the water, perhaps it was the old waltz tune which floated out of the windows of the house, perhaps the old memories were brought up so keenly by the story he had told the girl on the piazza. Whatever the cause, the effect was to carry the mind of the man back to another time and another scene.

The Hudson became another river, the Palisades on the farther side became a low, wooded shore. The breeze which came from the river seemed heavy with scent of magnolia. The man who paced slowly up and down the piazza was young again.

At his side there seemed to walk a woman as beautiful and as young as the girl who had just left him. But the beauty of this woman was of the fashion of forty years ago. The measure of forgetfulness which time had granted the man slipped away, and the old keen heartache woke once again to poignant life.

And the man walking with memories and ghosts in the pure, calm moonlight thanked God that the heartache was alive once more.

The Causes of Cynicism.

Cynicism is never a native quality of the mind. It always has its birth in some unhappy experience. The young man finds that the girl who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test, and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for public office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes a novel and thenceforth is cynical of the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always implacable. A cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it another object and so guides him to a safer if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young novelist, all have for their condition, even though they know it not, a valuable compensation, for the very event that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation—yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smoldering—Arthur Stanwood Pier in Atlantic.

Her Cigars.

"My dear," said he the day after their wedding anniversary, "I'll just take those cigars to the office. It's customary, you know, to have a box handy in one's office."

That morning he sent the box of Extras down to his friend Jones, with his compliments, and he chuckled at the joke he was playing on Jones.

When he met Jones in the elevator he was persuaded to have one of his own cigars, which Jones said were "all right." He accepted one and, to his dismay, found they were "all right."

That evening when he arrived at home he said to his wife: "My dear, I smoked one of those cigars you gave me and liked it very much. How did you happen to pick out such good ones?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You made such a fuss about your birthday box that I got the young man next door to buy this box for me."

"Oh-h-h!" said the dear husband. And he muttered to himself, "Just like a woman, bless her—always go contrary to expectations!"—Buffalo Times.

English Kissing Customs.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, at periodic intervals the mayor and corporation assert their rights over the shores of their native river by proceeding in state to various points, where they proclaim their authority. Perhaps as an inducement for the mayor to undertake this particular duty, on landing on the green he is permitted by ancient custom to kiss the prettiest girl present, conferring upon her a sovereign as compensation. At Bourne-mouth, where the kiss mayoral is also conferred, it is an ancient and loving custom for the retiring mayor to give his successor an osculatory salute.

The Farm.

Every farmer should own his farm. If he cannot own a large one, let him own what he can and gradually increase the size. Land ownership conduces to happiness, contentment and restfulness. One of the greatest hindrances to the prosperity of the tenant is that he is compelled to move frequently and therefore cannot accumulate—Maxwell's Talmage.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—Chesterfield.



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF JAPAN.

In the illustration the mikado and the empress of Japan are shown sitting at the table. The two persons standing back of them are the crown prince Yoshihito, son of one of the women of the imperial harem, and his wife. The Empress Haruko is childless, and the four little girls standing are daughters of another of the concubines of the mikado.



MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

The Author of "Little Drops of Water" and "Other Poems."

Few school children in the United States but know the little poem beginning "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," but not so many are aware of the name of the author of these familiar lines. Mrs. Julia A. Carney, now of Galesburg, Ill., wrote the verses nearly sixty years ago, when she was just taking up the work of schoolteaching in Boston. The first stanza was composed as the finale to a tract emphasizing the importance of little things. "The whole world is made up of little things," wrote Mrs.



MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

Carney, concluding with the stanza referred to above. It was late at night when the paper was written, and the next morning when called upon by the instructor of the class in shorthand which she was attending to write an original exercise she added the three remaining stanzas that complete the poem. Later, in response to a request to contribute to a Sunday school periodical, Mrs. Carney sent the poem entire, and it was widely copied. Many other verses of merit and a number of hymns that are sung here and in other lands have come from the pen of Mrs. Carney, but "Little Things," as this best known of her poems is called, remains her favorite and by her is considered her best work.

Mrs. Carney's maiden name was Fletcher, and about five years after the appearance of her famous poem she was married to the Rev. Thomas J. Carney, who afterward was in charge of Universalist churches in Maine, New York state and the west, reaching Galesburg in 1858, where Mrs. Carney has since resided. Her husband died early in the seventies, and the venerable author now makes her home with two of her sons.

Simple Toys the Best.

A little girl in the Horace Mann kindergarten in New York was asked by her mother what she would like for a birthday present. She had so many things, beautiful toys and all else a child could wish, that what to give her next became a problem. After thinking a minute she said: "In school we have some boxes with little square blocks inside. Could I have one of those to play with all the time?" She had had fun building things with those cubes. It seemed greater bliss to have them at home to play and invent with unnumbered than to possess any costly and perfect "boughten" toy, good for nothing but to just sit and look at. Why is it that children prefer sticks and cornucopis to French dolls and take more comfort in a home made out of a pasteboard box than in an electric lighted dolls' palace? Friedrich Froebel discovered that children's minds are not empty vessels, to be filled up by a judicious pouring in, but that they possess a wonderful power, "creative self activity." So he invented a series of playthings, the "gifts" of the kindergarten today. They are absolutely simple, but they give the child something

to do, to invent with, to exercise his own thought and self activity upon.—Ethel McKinney in Good Housekeeping.

The Southern Woman.

An idea often obtaining in the north about the southern woman was that she was languid, incompetent—lazy, in plain terms. There never was a greater mistake. The mistress of a big southern plantation had to be possessed of large administrative and executive ability, and she had to exercise it very industriously. She held in her hands, so to speak, the government of a small nation, and she had to see that its needs were met, its sicknesses, deaths, marriages, births, joys and sorrows had to be provided for in her scheme of management, and often through her personal administration were comfort and help administered. On the other hand, she was relieved of many domestic burdens which the modern woman carries by trained servants who took pride in the artistic discharge of their functions. I know of no position in modern society in any way analogous to hers save that of the English mistress of a large estate, whose responsibilities are not so grave because she has a more intelligent community under her control.—Myrtle Lockett Avery in Guntown's Magazine.

"BALDY" MONSON'S SCALP.

How It Was Won by "Lucky" Baldwin in a Faro Game.

"During the time that gambling was in its glory on the Pacific coast," said an old Californian, "Lucky" Baldwin was easily the most daring chance taker of all the notable argonauts. Baldwin did some amazing stunts in that day of all day and all night drinking, when overworn men, most of them with riches so suddenly acquired that they hadn't had time to stop and figure on how much they possessed, tried to outvie one another in the capers they cut with the Lady Fortune.

"One night in the late fifties 'Lucky' as he was then called, walked into the famous old Alcatraz club on Kearney street in San Francisco after having been religiously slumming his bed for about three days and nights running, and in that shape 'Lucky' was, in those days, ready for anything.

"A famous dealer in the Alcatraz club—the biggest gambling establishment on the coast at the time—was 'Baldy' Monson, so called because his poll was bare of hair as a pat of butter, except for a tiny patch that remained right on the crown of his head. It had been a cowlick, and with consistent stubbornness, it had refused to go when the rest of 'Baldy's' hair had departed.

"Baldy" strolled over to where 'Lucky' Monson was acting as lookout for the faro game, preparatory to taking hold of the box himself, and drawing Monson's head down 'Lucky' began to count the hairs that the dealer had left on the top of his head.

"How many have you got left?" Baldwin asked of Monson.

"Eighteen of 'em an inch or more long, the last time they were counted," soberly replied 'Baldy.' 'There may be some trifling short ones besides in the tuft, but they don't figure.'"

"Eighteen, eh?" said 'Lucky.' 'Well, it's just foolishness to be packing around only eighteen hairs. Turn me the king, open, for \$18,000, and if I win your eighteen hairs go with the pot-box's that?'

"Baldy" glanced inquiringly at the proprietor of the club, who was standing by, and his employer gave him the nod. Monson took the dealer's chair and began the deal. The king was down near the middle of the box, and the proprietor of the club scrawled a check for \$18,000 on the Bank of California and handed it over to Baldwin.

"Lucky" snipped the eighteen hairs off 'Baldy' Monson's head with the razor edged blade of his pocketknife, had the housekeeper at his hotel tie them up in tiny pink ribbon, with a double bow to set them off, and exhibited the tuft in the window of the Bella Union, labeled 'Baldy Monson's Scalp.'—Washington Post.

A Satisfying Portrait.

Mr. Roze—This portrait doesn't look like my wife at all. Artist—I know it doesn't, but it looks as she thinks she looks.—Judge.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 69 N. 10th street, Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by G. C. Stone, druggist.

A View of Robespierre.

At the time of the destruction of the Bastille the most remarkable of the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls was the Comte de Jorje, and he was brought to Mme. Tussaud that she might take a cast of his face. He had been incarcerated for thirty years, and when liberated he begged to be taken back to his prison. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and Mme. Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends for the same purpose. While descending the narrow stairs her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling when she was saved by Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand and just prevented her from coming to the ground. "It would indeed have been a great pity if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place," said Robespierre, in his own peculiar complimentary style.—"Memories of Anna Maria Pickering."

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia. For sale by Stone & Mercer, G. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

Dr. E. B. Earper, veterinarian, will treat your sick animal. Operating a specialty. Charges reasonable. Office 211 Pike street. apr28t

SPECIAL TRAINS.

B. & O. Will Run Them From Union town and Clarksburg, March 14.

The B. & O. has announced unofficially that it will run special trains from Clarksburg and Uniontown to Morgantown on March 14 for the big concert in which Richard Strauss and Victor Herbert are to take part. The trains will leave Morgantown midnight on their way back home. This was done without the demand of any guarantee and it shows that the road is very much interested in the event which is to be one of the biggest that has ever taken place in the state. The exact schedule of the train has not been announced.

LOT SALE AT REYNOLDSVILLE.

Col. M. J. Francis will have a big lot sale April 14, at Reynoldsville. He will offer 126 nice lots in the Francis addition to that town on that date.

A Salvini Incident.

The late Alexander Salvini was once playing Hamlet in a small Wisconsin town. The theater was the crudest of structures, and the stage had been contrived for the occasion by the simple device of elevating a platform on four posts. When the gravedigging scene was reached a draft of cold air blew up through the aperture in the stage and not only caused the gravediggers' teeth to chatter, but played freaks with their garments.

Salvini, entering with Horatio, heard from the grave only a strange jumble of words bitten in pieces by the first cold's clicking teeth. But when he saw the loose garments of the workmen flapping jocularly in the breeze the irrelevant sight was too much for him, and laughter checked his speech. He tried to say, "Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at gravedigging?" but he had to turn his face away from the audience and laugh, while the gravediggers carried the scene along with much fuss of occupation with pick and spade till Hamlet had recovered his gravity.

A Newspaper Worth Reading.

The Pittsburg Times is a conservative careful newspaper for particular people. Its statements of fact and comments on them are concise and correct. Its departments are in charge of experts, and its authority in all matters pertaining to the events of the world at large and of the community it represents more particularly is recognized. It has no Sunday edition, and its position in that regard in Pittsburg is as unique as its thorough reliability in every way. Staunchly Republican in political policy it yet gives all the news of all parties. Its moral tone is high, and churmen of every creed find in its columns more news of their interests and work than in all its contemporaries combined. Sports are given the prominence they deserve and no more. The news concerning them is bright, timely and adequate, for the work is done by a master. Theaters in The Times as in no other paper have the truth told about them and the plays they offer. No business considerations ever interfere with the publication of criticisms that really criticize in this department, too, the work is done by a master. Society and the affairs of women find careful and complete exposition on the page devoted to them. Industrial matters are accorded the prominence they merit in a Pittsburg paper, while the stock market is given the attention that has brought the Times into the front rank of financial authorities. Above all The Times is a model not only of brevity of statement but of dignified simplicity in its typographical appearance. It offends neither the eye nor the sensibilities. Those things that are of importance are treated accordingly. Those that are unimportant are handled in keeping with their value. Each issue of The Times is a day's history of events the wide world round. Its price is one cent daily or \$3.00 a year.

What Time Proves.

This thing of being sick and looking for a cure is a mighty serious business. People are not given to joking even at the first symptom of the approach of the Grim Destroyer. They do not want to be the subjects of experiment, but want medicine that has had the test of years behind it. A medicine that has been made and used for 20 years gives assurance of its worth, and can be taken with a faith that they have the very best cure the world affords. All this can be said about Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills as a remedy for sick headache, dyspepsia and indigestion, it begins right at the source of the trouble and removes the cause. Sold by all druggists for 25 cents per box. One pill for a dose. Stone & Mercer.

A Chance for Northern Farmers.

Are you tired of our cold northern winters, with their sickness and disease?

Are you tired worrying over the danger of a crop failure and consequent financial ruin?

Are you tired of working hard all season without a fair financial return or your efforts?

Do you want to avoid all this, and live in a country where the air is always balmy and the climate healthy; where crop failures are unknown and financial troubles vanish; where land can be bought cheaply and taxes are almost nothing; where churches and schools are plentiful and the country thickly settled?

All of these advantages can be secured along the lines of a double tracked railroad, and with the greatest markets in the United States at your very door. A postal or letter addressed to the undersigned will bring you FREE OF CHARGE, descriptive matter and full particulars.

E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R. 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan.29wtf.

Great sale now going on at Will Nussbaum's. Jan.14tf.

VERY LOW RATES.

Account Grand Musical Festival, Morgantown, W. Va., March 14, Via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

On Monday, March 14th, a great musical festival will be held at Morgantown, W. Va., under the auspices of the West Virginia University, and for this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell excursion tickets from Clarksburg for special train leaving at 5.00 p.m. Returning special train will leave Morgantown at 11.30 p.m. For tickets and full information, call on ticket agents, m14.

Blockades and Bizzards.

In new Pullman "ordinary" sleepers, wide vestibuled and with every modern convenience, in charge of competent agent from Cincinnati and Chicago via Louisville, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Rates or berth half of cost in regular sleepers. For FREE descriptive matter and full particulars address E. A. RICHTER, Trav. Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad, 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan.29wtf.

Stock Raising for Profit.

The south is rapidly coming to the front as a stock raising country for profits. You can learn how northern stock raisers located along the Illinois Central R. R. are getting rich in this business by writing for FREE descriptive matter and particulars to E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R. 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan.29wtf.

Stock Raising for Profit.

The south is rapidly coming to the front as a stock raising country for profits. You can learn how northern stock raisers located along the Illinois Central R. R. are getting rich in this business by writing for FREE descriptive matter and particulars to E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R. 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan.29wtf.

Stock Raising for Profit.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right
For sale by Stone & Mercer, G. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

HOLMBOE & LAFFERTY
Architects.

Main Office, CLARKSBURG, W. Va.

Branch: Elkins, W. Va.
Branch: Athens, Ohio.



TO MAKE GOOD CLOTHING
Is an art. That we have attained proficiency in every branch is proven by our continuously increasing business. If you want a

SMART TAILOR-MADE SUIT
Or Overcoat made of thoroughly reliable goods, with fit and finish guaranteed let us take your measure, etc. Spring styles now ready.

J. E. FLYNN,
The Tailor. 330 Pike St

We Have Opened Our
Candy : Factory
that our patrons can find a nice selection of Home-made

CANDIES

Made fresh every day.

FINEST JORDAN ALMONDS
Salted to Order.

SWAGERS,

328 PIKE ST

Eureka Plumbing Co.,

**PRACTICAL
SANITARY
PLUMBING**

Steam, Heating and Gas Fitting

**JOBBER WORK
DONE PROMPTLY.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed

**Office and Shop in Stottler
Building, Glen Elk.**

People wishing to buy their

Winter Stock of Hay

would do well to consult us as we have all kinds and prices to suit everybody. We keep a full stock of

**FEED FOR HORSES, COWS
HOGS and CHICKENS.**

GEORGE M. WEST,

Grain, Hay and Feed

Merchant

**BALTIMORE & OHIO
RAILROAD.**

West Bound.

No. 1—(daily) due 12:53 a. m.

No. 71—(daily) due 7:26 a. m.

No. 3—(daily) due 10:13 a. m.

No. 47—(daily) due 3:42 p. m.

No. 55—(daily) due 7:28 p. m.

East Bound.

No. 2—(daily) due 3:54 a. m.

No. 46—(daily) due 10:13 a. m.

No. 12—(daily) due 5:32 p. m.

No. 72—(daily) due 6:08 p. m.

No. 4—(daily) due 9:45 p. m.

W. VA. & PITTS. DIVISION.

West Bound.

No. 3—(daily ex. Sunday) Ar. 6:15 a. m.; Lv. 6:15 a. m.

No. 1—(daily) Ar. 9:30 a. m.; Lv. 10:30 a. m.

No. 5—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 8:15 p. m.; Lv. 3:55 p. m.

No. 7—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 6:45 p. m.

No. 9—(Sunday only) Ar. 7:20 p. m.; Lv. 7:20 p. m.

East Bound.

No. 8—(Daily ex. Sun.) Lv. 6:40 a. m.

No. 2—(Daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 8:50 a. m.; Lv. 10:30 p. m.

No. 66—(Sunday only) Ar. and Lv. 9:40 a. m.

No. 6—(daily) Ar. 3:33 p. m.; Lv. 4 p. m.

No. 4—(daily ex. Sun.)—Ar. and Lv. 11:30 p. m.

WEST VIRGINIA SHORT LINE.

West Bound.

No. 717—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 11:50 a. m.

No. 719—(daily) Ar. 8:15 p. m.

East Bound.

No. 718